



LIFE'S ART.

The wind was blowing over meadow lands:
The Springtime rays were adding heat and fire
To life-impulses, held by wintry bands.
Which once again were slowly mounting higher.

The songs of birds, the thousand calls of things,
From moss and sod and rush, were all as one;
The same old laws that Progress surely brings,
Were shouting forth responses to the Sun.

Amid this show of life's evolving power
We two were silent, in a meditation,
For we were there to while away an hour,
Away from thoughts—the, formal day's equation.

While in the mood to think and to explore
Fair Nature's ways, and learn what life doth mean,
We saw aloft, as many a time before,
A lonely hawk, a-sail above the scene.

In days of yore such scenes were so true!
How many hawks had flown about the fields!
We oft had watched the mighty bird of flight
Drive its meek prey to seek for safer shields.

On this Spring day the April wind was strong,
And blowing hard against the old hawk's breast:
But he sailed on as though no wind were wrong,
For him to use, and this swift gale were rest.

His wings stretched wide like sails before the breeze,
Yet far more true, more quickly re-arranged:
His Captain-mind guided his ship with ease,
And kept the course how e'er sky-currents changed.

The wind that blew directly from his goal
He made his friend: he did not fight, he used;
No pause for heil, and onward then he stole:
A downward dart: thus progressed as he mused.

The wise hawk used an opposition force
To drive him on against the winds that blew,
And gained the goal by angling on his course,
Yet struggled not, because the Law he knew.

J. P. May, Milford, Utah.

IN APRIL.

Laughter and sigh,
However life begins,
Together lie,
Close, yet contrasted twins,
One clad in white,
The other robed in gray.

They take their devious flight,
Through night and day,
Till smile and tear
Become as one at last:
And Love makes fear
A dream, when life is past.

—William Struthers, in May Ainslee's.

NOTES

One of the drawbacks to the enjoyment of some of the American fiction that is placed before English readers is exemplified by Mary Roberts Rinehart's clever detective story, *The Man in Lower Ten*. In the first place, most Britishers have understood the title. Dealers in England instantly connect the name of the book with a young London girl of the slums entitled, "By Order of the Magistrate," is counted in London, where a public life is very wide, a most excellent contrast to the life of the slums. One of his stories is of an infuriated musician who rushed up to a policeman and demanded vengeance on a small unclean who, he protested, had insulted him.

"I was coming along the road in a hurry just now," he explained, wrathfully, "when the young scoundrel stopped me and asked me the time. I said, 'It is ten to three,' and he said, 'At three o'clock get your hair cut.'"

The policeman glanced slowly at a neighboring clock.

"Well," he replied, stolidly, "you're right, sir—you have still got a good eight minutes."

William Vaughn Moody's play, *The Faith Healer*, published last spring is a drama which lends itself readily to book form. Its fine literary and poetic qualities, the simplicity of its handling, and its admirably drawn characters are as clear in the library as on the stage.

In an exhaustive review of the play in the *San Francisco Argonaut*, Miss de la Motte writes: "The work of a poet and a thinker." She further remarks that "the play is not a superficial word in it. It is as concise as a story by Kipling or a play by Ibsen. It is a play to be taken seriously and to be grateful for."

It is not often that an author receives such a tribute as the following: Emerson Hough, Author: "Good Friend—I have read some of your talk, and I am very pleased, as are many tribes, because you try to help us to be better understood by our white brothers."

We want to read all your talk, and ask you to send us a paper with all the names of your talks and how we can get them.

OGHEMA NIAGARA, Chief Thunderwater, President Council of the Tribes.

never-to-be-forgotten "Rab and his Friends." A Catholic selection cover recent short story writers—among them Stevenson, Bret Harte, Frank R. Stockton, Theodor Dreiser, Henry James, Mark Twain, Gilbert Parker, Conan Doyle has a Sherlock Holmes story, "The Adventure of the Speckled Band." The selection from Kipling is "The Man Who Would Be King."

BOOKS

"Maxwell, Johnston and Barnum's Speaking and Writing Book One," by William H. Maxwell, city superintendent of schools, New York; Emma L. Johnston, principal of the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers, city of New York; and Madeline D. Barnum, teacher of English in the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers, American Book company, New York.—This book for third-year pupils is divided into two parts. The first part, which is devoted entirely to oral expression, consists of story-telling, dramatization, games, drills on sound formation, and the study of poems and pictures. Through these various exercises, which are presented to the children as a sort of linguistic recreation, are laid the foundations of many desirable habits of speech—fluency of expression, flexibility of voice, purity of tone, correctness of pronunciation, etc. The second part is composed of lessons in both oral and written composition, with the emphasis placed upon the writing work, the exercises including practice in sentence, paragraph and composition, and the composition as a whole. In both parts the material presented for study—such as stories, poems, pictures, etc.—is selected with the idea of interesting the children and in this way inspiring them to spontaneous expression.

"Otis's Mary of Plymouth," by James Otis, American Book company, New York.—Written by one of the most popular authors of juvenile books, this supplementary reader tells the story of the Plymouth colony, from the point of view of a child. The little pilgrim records in her diary interesting incidents of the daily home life of the colonists from the time they set sail on the Mayflower, through the hardships of the first winter, to the building of a house built by her father, of encounters with Indians, both friendly and unfriendly, of fires kindled without matches and bread baked without ovens, of school days in a clearing, shells and dishes from pumpkins and gourds, of the school kept in the fort, of the long hours of preaching in the meetinghouse, of feast days and fast days, and an accurate knowledge of historical facts while affording reading as interesting as any story book. The illustrations are numerous and attractive.

"Collier's Selections from Early German Literature," by Clara Hechtenberg Collier, Ph.D., formerly of the department of German literature in Smith college, and in Oxford university, American Book company, New York.—A reader designed to acquaint students of German literature with the chief authors of the old and modern German literature, from the Middle Ages to the present. For the purpose of the general student the specimens are given in modern German translation, preserving as nearly as possible in the translation the form, spirit and character of the original. The versions appear in modern spelling; otherwise they have been little altered. The arrangement is chronological, beginning with the Middle Ages, and ending with the modern German literature, the chief works of early middle German, the popular, court, and beast epics, and the Minnesingers. Each group of selections is preceded by a brief and explanatory paragraph. The literary references, following the text, while not designed as an exhaustive bibliography, give ample information on sources and texts; and an index facilitates reference to the selections.

"Otis's Richard of Jamestown," by James Otis, American Book company, New York.—This is a story of a boy who is a boy every other boy—and girl, too—will find straightforward and entertaining. He meets Capt. John Smith in London town, becomes his protégé, and his journey to Jamestown. The voyage proves full of excitement and adventure, and, after landing, occur many strange happenings during the strenuous days of life in the wilderness. Richard and a young friend of his, a "house boy" of Captain Smith, take an active part in the settlement of Jamestown, of which the book contains a history, truthfully and accurately told from a boy's point of view. In addition to a preliminary reading in the third, fourth, and fifth years, this volume will give the pupil a good knowledge of the history of Virginia, presented in a form as interesting as fiction. Numerous clever pen-and-ink drawings illustrate the narrative.

MAGAZINES

The rapid rise of Hampton's Magazine has been generally attributed to its strong special articles. Its fiction offerings must not be overlooked, however, for Hampton's is printing some of the strongest and most important fiction now being written.

In the May number, which comes to our desk today, is a remarkable story by James B. Connolly, whom Roosevelt has called the Kipling of our day. It is entitled "The Boy in the Bush," and relates the story of an American sailor fighting bare-handed in an African jungle with blacks who had formed a secret society known as "Gore Gore," whose clutches he rescues a white girl.

Harris Merton Lyon, whose breezy, picturesque style is all his own, offers a pathetic story of village life, which is called "Hades." It is the story of a small town boy who went away to get a college education and did not make good.

"The Hammering Man," by Edwin Balmer and Wm. R. MacLurg, begins the second series of the marvelous adventures of Luther Trant, the psychological detective. It deals with the story of a man who is a detective in a scene is laid in Chicago, and the heroine is a beautiful Russian girl. This series really deserves a wide reading. It is fully as novel and interesting as Sherlock Holmes.

"The Vanderveer Diamonds," by William Walker Hines, is something entirely new in burglar stories—a story told from the burglar's point of view. It is exceedingly well done with a finale utterly unexpected.

Essentially champagne-like in quality, the novelette which opens Young's Magazine for May is "The Latch Key" by Fred Jackson. Royal Arden, the heroine, descendant of colonial governors and related to the half of Kingsport, insists on doing her foot through each convention which threatens to interfere with her willful, but innocent, progress. The story has to do with a subtle flat, an unexpectedly returned tenant, a "Pore" Halsey in "Mr. Delaney Goes to Jersey" relates a farce which might well make a successful play instead of a short story. Sharply contrasted is the

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MR. AND MRS. SELDEN IRWIN.

Those who remember the days of the old Deseret Dramatic club will recall Mr. and Mrs. Selden Irwin, who were probably the first stars to play in the Salt Lake Theater, supported by that cast of noted local fame which included David McKenzie, John T. Caine, H. R. Clawson and other well known members. In a later visit Annie Adams Rickard played in the old dramas put on by them. They were both social as well as stage favorites, and were entertained by the best families of the time. Selden Clawson, son of H. B. and Alice Young Clawson, both members of the Deseret Dramatic club, was named for Mr. Irwin, a sign of the social intimacy and friendship of the stage associates. Many of the theater goers of the time will undoubtedly remember them.

tragic horror of John Louis Berry's story, "Seven Dollars and Seven Cents" by Ruth and Reginald Wright Kauffman contribute "Crescents," "Truth" and Harris Merton Lyon "Rose," both dealing with the lives of the colonists from the time they set sail on the Mayflower, through the hardships of the first winter, to the building of a house built by her father, of encounters with Indians, both friendly and unfriendly, of fires kindled without matches and bread baked without ovens, of school days in a clearing, shells and dishes from pumpkins and gourds, of the school kept in the fort, of the long hours of preaching in the meetinghouse, of feast days and fast days, and an accurate knowledge of historical facts while affording reading as interesting as any story book. The illustrations are numerous and attractive.

To uncounted thousands the present great revival of interest in the study of the Bible among the undergraduates of our colleges and universities seems the most important and significant movement of the day. The May Century will have the first magazine discussion of the great awakening, from the pen of Clayton Sedgewick Cooper, secretary of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., in special charges, and the Bible work in educational institutions.

Everybody's for May adds another to the list of really important articles on commercial subjects that have long been a feature of that honest American magazine. Under the title "The Authors of the Old and Modern," tells of the hapless inequity between our liberal channel and harbor improvement policy, and our monopolized and obsolete dock systems. To spend millions of dollars on the betterment of ports and then permit the railways to own water fronts to forbid the landing of vessels seems too foolish to believe. But it is true. In the same issue, "The Authors of the Old and Modern," concludes his inspiring story

Government vs. English Authors.

London Literary Letter.

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, April 17.—Matthew Arnold would have appreciated the present temporary immunity from income-tax. On one occasion he appeared before the income-tax commissioners at Edgware to appeal against the assessment of his literary profits at \$5,000 a year, on the plea, he wrote to his mother, "that I was a most distinguished literary man, my works were mentioned everywhere, and must have a wide circulation."

"You see before you, gentlemen," I said, "what you have often heard of as an unpopular author." It was great fun, though going to Edgware was a bore. The assessment was finally cut down to \$4,000 a year, and I told them I should have to write more articles to prevent my being a loser by submitting to even that assessment, upon which the chairman politely said, "Then the public will have reason to be much obliged to us."

The French commiserate a deceased poet by voting that something be done, the English, by voting that something be not done. An overwhelming majority at a largely attended public meeting in Haslemere has rejected a proposed civic improvement in order that they may be reminded however inconveniently of the late Lord Tennyson. Tennyson's house is intact, Tennyson's land is undisturbed. Tennyson's bones are tucked away in the abbey, but these facts do not satisfy the Tennysonites of Haslemere. Blackdown common, one of the most beautiful spots in Surrey, is to remain inaccessible, just because it was inaccessible in Tennyson's time. "They owed this duty to themselves and to the nation," says the present state of affairs is deplored, the sentimental interest will be lost. I have forgotten the estimated cost for constructing a road across Blackdown common.

"THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER," James Edward Rogers, author of a book entitled "The American Newspaper," published by the University of Chicago press, has either been egregiously mis-reviewed in "The Author," the official organ of the powerful English Authors' society, or the reviewer willfully done much to hurt the reputation of the American press generally over here, where so little is known about American newspapers. The president of the Authors' society is Thomas Hardy, and such men as Maurice Hewlett, Israel Zangwill, Anthony Hope, Bernard Shaw and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle are on its committees. Whatever its official organ says is probably read by most of the principal English writers. In this month's issue The Author observes that if all of what Rogers says about American papers is true, then they may, with a few honorable exceptions, "be divided into two classes: newspapers which one would not willingly read with a pair of tongs, and newspapers which one would not willingly touch with anything but a pair of tongs. They suppress, doctor, or even invent news to serve the interests of politicians or gratify the wishes of advertisers. Their sensationalism panders to the lowest instincts of their subscribers. They unscrupulously intrude the privacy of private life. Portraits are habitually blackmailed and intimidated public men."

This is the kind of thing that makes any American newspaper man in

York and Chicago combine a broad outlook with low aims, and their press reflects the desire of rich men to exploit the multitude. The same tendency may, it is true, be detected in some sections of our own press; but it is less pronounced with us, because we have more deeply rooted traditions than the Americans, and a greater reverence for law and order. This sentiment may sound pharisaical, but it is true.

BIRTHPLACE OF VIRGIL.

"Mantua la gloriosa," as it is called, long active steps to embellish the birthplace of Virgil. The poet who sang of "The lion falling, Rome arising, wars and final faith and Dido's pyre" was not born in Mantua itself, but in the village of Virgil, which is now a part of the village of Pietole. Here it is proposed to place his memorial. The academy of Mantua, however, have already informed the Italian government that they have rejected more ambitious schemes in favor of a plan which might be commended as a bright example to some antiquaries. The idea is to dedicate a grove to the poet's memory, and on the banks of the Mincio to build a modest little shrine of temple, wherein to exhibit a mosaic of Virgil and the Muses, like that discovered in Nubidia, and a statue of Augustus. Senator Boni appropos quotes the passage from the third Georgic, where a grove and temple, though a temple on a far grander scale with captive Britons to assist at a pageant of triumph—were described. In less enlightened ages when Virgil's name was revered as that of a potent wizard, the women of Mantua used to perform their devotions under the shade of the temple, sacred to his memory. The Mantuanis of today, as well as instructed tourists, may find equal satisfaction in making a pilgrimage to his grove and temple.

AUSTRALIAN PENSIONS.

Mr. Deakin's commonwealth government is becoming increasingly known to literature. The annual grant to the Australian Men-of-Letters Club has just been raised from \$2,500 to \$3,500. A pension of \$200 a year has just been conferred upon Mrs. Marcus Clarke, the widow of the author of "For the Term of His Natural Life," and a pension of the same amount has been granted to Mrs. George Essex Evans, the widow of a recently deceased Queensland poet. His last poem in celebration of the jubilee of Queensland as a self-governing colony was published in The Times a few months ago.

Dr. Arnold Elliott, formerly organizing lecturer for the Poetry Recital society, is compiling an anthology of verse, hallowed and proved, to which humanitarian lecturers can turn assured of finding quotable extracts. Yesterday I discovered Dr. Elliott in his rural retreat at Surbiton. He is a simple life; abhors drugs, shuns meat, lives in the open, bareheaded and barefooted, and devotes himself to shoing society the error of its ways. Ruddy, stalwart, big-boned, barbaric, he was reclining in a hammock.

"Yes, I have had the idea for over two years," he said, "of compiling a volume of book illustrations all the great time, my experience as a lecturer on poetry has shown me the need of such an anthology, and I don't know of anything like it in existence. Of course, we are all acquainted with such stock pieces as Mrs. Browning's 'The Children and Tom Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' but English literature is rich in many lesser known poems and ballads."

References of "A pallid of a Nun" and Markham's "Man With the Hoe" and similar compositions will find a place in the book.

It is surprising to find how much good unpublished material is available," he added. "It will be better than anything that has yet been published, and I hope to have the book ready by the end of the present year."

A reference to his former connection with the Poetry Recital society led to the statement, "I have withdrawn from active work in connection with the society, but I still retain my membership. Lady Sackville has also withdrawn as president. It is simply a matter of lack of harmony. I believe there is plenty of room for a People's Poetry society, and perhaps that will come along some day."

"Dignified simplicity" was said to have been the keynote of the dinner to the descendants of poets which was held recently under the auspices of the Poetry Recital society. Literateurs were much amused by the grotesque representation of Shakespeare and other immortals. It will suffice to add that the dinner was a sad success.

MARK TWAIN'S ROYALTIES.

Mark Twain's royalties from books, which have sold in larger number than the works of any other American author, left him at his death a wealthy man. A member of the firm of Harper & Brothers, who for 10 years have been his publishers, discussed his books and royalties yesterday afternoon.

There have been published in America of Mark Twain's books," he said, "about 5,000,000 or 5,500,000 copies. And these do not take into con-

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consideration publications abroad, which have been made in many languages. While we do not care to announce the figures Mr. Clemens received for his stories that appeared in our magazines, still it may be said that his royalties were back larger than those of any other contemporary author, and that his books had a larger sale even in the last year than any other writer of the period.

Mr. Clemens's income of late years was enormous, and he always had large sums of ready money at his command. It is hardly probable that with such intimate friends as the late H. H. Rogers to advise him he failed to invest this money wisely and to his advantage.

A short time ago Mr. Clemens desired to have his books a part of every household library, and entered into a contract with us to publish them at \$25 for a set of 12 volumes. This edition, but its sales astonished both himself and us, and we had counted on something extraordinary, too.

Mr. Clemens's books will sell for years to come in this country and abroad, and he is more highly rated in Europe than in his own country. "Tom" counted a great philosopher, but here he is known at present chiefly as a humorist."

The Sound Sleep of Good Health.
The restorative power of sound sleep can not be over estimated and an ailment that prevents it is a menace to health. J. L. Schramm, Esq., says:—"For a long time I have been unable to sleep soundly nights, because of pains across my back, and soreness of my kidneys. My appetite was very poor and my general condition was much run down. I have been taking Foley's Kidney Pills, and now sleep as sound as a rock. I eat and enjoy my meals, and my general condition is greatly improved. I can heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Pills as I know they have cured me."—Schramm-Johnson Drugs.

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